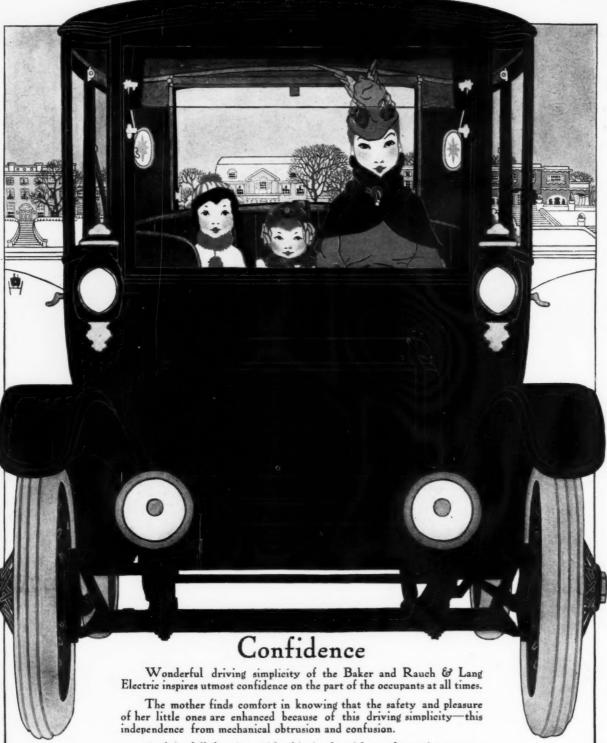
1916



CEA-



Baker fashio

And in full keeping with this is the rich coach work—genuine coach work—the best that can come of over sixty years' leadership in fashionable coach building.

Confidence all 'round—in the knowledge that your Baker and Rauch & Lang represents the best, and that it insures the utmost in safety.

The Baker R. & L. Company

Cleveland, Ohio

See our latest models at the New York Show, Dec. 31-Jan. 8

Rauch tlang

"The Social Necessity"

unemia The National



What the Postman Brings Every Month—for

do you not always leave ample provision for those at home during your absence? What in the event of your being called away on that longer journey-what then of them?

Will the little ones romp home from school some day to learn that their play days are over almost before they have begun?

When you go away for a trip of a week or a month, compelled to face a cold, unsympathetic world, the pawn of necessity—a world in which even the strong often fail as breadwinners?

> Will the cozy home you have maintained be forever closed to them? Or-

Will they be shielded from strife, misery, and deprivation by the fruits of your frugality and fore-Will your widow-educated to an income-be thought-a regular income provided by a

Prudential Monthly Income Policy

"Insurance That Insures Your Insurance"

Your greatest obligation to your dependents is fulfilled when you take out one of these dividend-paying policies. It yields a rent-paying, debtsettling check on the first day of each and every month as long as they live. Or you may so arrange it that for twenty years or during your lifetime you

may get these monthly income checks yourself. And by leaving this fixed income -- an income guaranteed by Prudential millions-to be paid monthly, you are protecting your beneficiaries against the pitfalls of unwise speculation and investment, of generous impulse-lending, that often follow the receipt of "payment in full."

An insured man today means a secured family tomorrow. And what a sense of comfort and relief comes to the man who knows-no matter what may happen-

"They Will Be Well Provided For!"

Talk with the Prudential Agent in your town. Let him tell you about the various Prudential policies—all the best kinds of life insurance for the whole family, at low cost. Or write—TODAY—to Department 55

The Prudential Insurance Company of America Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New Jersey

Home Office, Newark, N. J. FORREST F. DRYDEN, President

NEXT MAY, Newark will begin to celebrate its 250th anniversary, with pageantry, music, a great industrial exposition, and sports of all kinds.

The Prudential extends a cordial invitation to you to visit its Home Office when you are in or near Newark during the celebration.

Copyright, 1915, by The Prudential Insurance Company of America

"My Company!"

—the proud statement of every Prudential policyholder—the far-reaching effect of Mutualization, whereby policyholders are owners of this Company and entitled to draw dividends; the result of a vote by the stockholders of the Company, giving the directors authorily to purchase controlling stock, and turn it over to the Policyholders.

For the dollars and cents of these policy-holders had developed a Company having its beginning in a basement office in 1875 to a point where, in 1915, its policies num-bered over 13 Millions, and the amount of insurance in force was more than 2 Billion 700 Million Dollars 1

Thus Pradential policyholders have acquired control of the Company, and beginning this year, will receive their proportion of the Company's earnings.





On the Way

The John Bull Number of

Will be issued on Tuesday, January 25th. In this number John Bull will at last come into his own.

Spec ial Offer

Enclosed find One Dol-lar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send Life for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no sub-scriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



Premium picture, "Sunset," given with each yearly subscription.

Approved by: Harvey W. Wiley

Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods Sanitation and

Health.



WHICH CAME FIRST, ANYHOW?

Golly! What a Gun-Base!

Otto H. Kahn has just given a contract for what is believed to be the heaviest foundation ever designed for a country residence, which he is about ready to build at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I. The contract calls for an expenditure of \$150,000 for a reinforced-concrete foundation and retaining walls.—New York Evening Post, Dec. 22, 1915.



Inasmuch as 200,000 users of the "ACOUSTICON" have had the same results from it as Mr. Garrett Brown, whose photoappears above, wefeel perfectly safe in urging every deaf person, without a penny of expense, solely and entirely atour risk, to accept a thorough trial of the

1916 Acousticon

No Deposit FREE Expense

All you need to do is to write saying that you are deaf and will try the "ACOUSTICON." The trial will not cost you one cent, for we even pay delivery charges.

WARNING! There is no good reason why everyone should not make as liberalatrial ofter as we do, so do not send money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it.

The "ACOUSTICON" has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have tried in the past, send for your free trial of the "ACOUSTICON" today and convince yourself—you alone to decide. Address

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1338 Cantiler Bidg., New York Toronto, Ont. Office, Royal Bank Bldg.

The Human Clock Grows Rusty

EVERY man starts life as a clock wound up. Then, gradually, the exuberant vitality of the child expends itself through youth and middle age until at last he ends life as a clock run down.

As the clock ticks on through three score and ten years of work and worry often the wheels gather rust, a cog slips—the human clock runs down too soon.

Constipation is the rust which clogs the human clock. It is constipation which is in many cases responsible for that too-early slowing-down of mental and physical energy known as premature old age. It is constipation which, by weakening the body's power of resistance, opens the way to many more serious diseases.

Constipation frequently becomes chronic because of the unwise use of laxatives and cathartics, which give only temporary relief and are followed by dangerous reactions.

Nujol, a pure white mineral oil, is entirely free from these objections. It acts in effect as a mechanical lubricant, softening the contents of the intestines and oiling the walls as a delicate machine is oiled. Thus it facilitates and strengthens the normal processes of evacuation, so correcting the cause of constipation.

Nujol is colorless, odorless and tasteless, and is not absorbed by the system. Consequently it may be taken in any quantity without harm.

Write for booklet "The Rational Treatment of Constipation." If your druggist cannot supply you with Nujol, we will send you a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United States on receipt of 75c—money order or stamps. Address Dept. 15.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

Bayonne (New Jersey)

New Jersey

Nujo1

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

M. C.

MORAL courage is something we use when we are too frightened to know what else to do. Or possibly, when there isn't time. Some of us have moral courage inherited from our ancestors, that we can't get rid of, try as we will.

A person afflicted with moral courage must, however, live. Handicapped as he is, he must go on facing things, trying to live it down, and not making himself any more disagreeable than he can help. He has no right to give up fighting it and trying to eradicate it from his system.

When we see a person like that, we must do what we can to make life a little easier for him. We must remember that he can't help himself. We must be kind and gentle and sympathetic with him.

This is all the more true because, owing to his pathetic burden, he never really understands just how we are enjoying ourselves.

The Gorham Business Started with forks and spoons

In fact, in the nomenclature of the table, *Gorham*. Tableware is almost as well known as Irish Linen and French Cuisine.

There is in every fork and spoon we make, 85 years of cumulative experience to ensure the quality and enrich the design.

And speaking of designs, perhaps the only fault with the *Gorham* selections is that the variety is apt to embarrass the choice!

There are twenty-seven different and distinct patterns and each interprets some historical epoch or influence with the fidelity of a genuine affection.

But however the patterns and prices may vary in nowise affects the quality of *Gorham* workmanship, which is best described as a *habit of excellence which we* will not overcome!

Leading jewelers everywhere sell Gorham Sterling Silverware and every piece bears this trade mark

THE GORHAM COMPANY

Silversmiths and Goldsmiths
NEWYORK

Works - Providence and New York

COPYRIGHT 1916



"PA, what is a pessimist?"
"My son, a pessimist is a man who when given his choice between two evils, takes both of them."

"DID he die a natural death?"
"Yes, so I understand. He was run over in the streets of New York."



" how masculine sadie has become in the last few years ! " $\hbox{"yes. You know she has turned feminist."}$

· LIFE ·

Wanted: A Remedy for Love

Dr. Barrett, we are told, has made researches on the blood of people in love, and has found marked leucocytosis. If the disease is not speedily cured, love may lead to neurasthenia, and even insanity; it also predisposes to tuberculosis. It is high time, he concludes, that we should think of devising a purely medical treatment for love. What form is this to take? The bacillus of love has not yet been discovered, and therefore no vaccine is available for the cure of the disease.

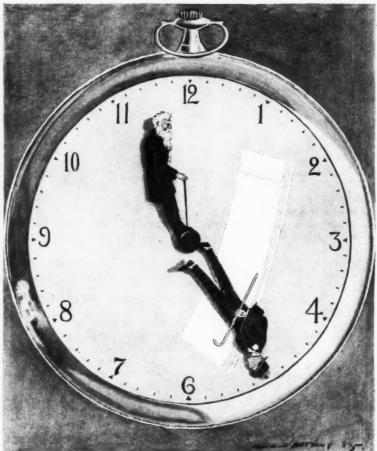
-British Medical Journal.

BUT this is only a question of time.

The doctors cannot be expected to do everything at once.

During this short interim, however, what is to be done with persons who fall in love? The remedy at one time was marriage. But nobody, nowadays, can afford to get married. Even to support one's self moderately is becoming all the time more of a problem. To fall in love is, therefore, fatal. It deducts immeasurably from one's efficiency.

A cure for love would solve many problems. For one thing, there would be no more books written about the psychology of child life. That alone would make it worth while.



THE HANDS OF TIME

Was Anybody Ever Hurt?

DEAN JONES says young men at Yale must not take girls' parts in plays more than one season. Somebody has been telling him that it leads to effeminacy and is bad for the character.

There used to be a New York doctor who was mentally disturbed on this subject, and was active in remonstrance against all female impersonifications by men. But college boys have been doing such things for generations. Has it been demonstrated to Dean Jones that an appreciable proportion of them were harmed in their psychology by such antics? Are there any facts against these impersonifications, or are they to be half-banned because of the suspicions of suspicious characters?

NODD: Thank heavens! my wife doesn't know where I was last night,
Todo: Do you?



"HE WAS A GOOD FELLOW WHEN HE HAD IT"







MAY
EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT

The Newer Uplift

HOTEL roofs in New York are at last coming into their own. They are now being used as skating rinks. Instead of covering a multitude of sins, they are now also uncovering a multitude of shins. Every morning at about

nine o'clock, just as the New York sun is rising over the roofs of the fire-escapes, the hotel janitor pries himself loose from his warm eiderdown next to the dynamo and, vaulting lightly to the twentieth floor, gets out the hose and proceeds to lay the ice carpet for the day, skillfully extracting the heat from

the water by means of a smelling-salts bottle full of ammonia. The guests then begin to arrive.

Skating as a form of metropolitan amusement appears to have its distinct advantages. It is good for the sporting-goods people, and creates such a demand for almost any kind of food that few will care how many thousands they spend in the restaurants afterwards in order to acquire enough solid nourishment to keep body and soul together. But as a permanent adjunct to the effete civilization of Broadway, we doubt its staying power. At its birth it was not attended by the triple fairies-Bad Air, Tobacco Smoke and Booze; and what form of amusement can become permanent in New York without these attendants? T. L. M.



AT THE BALL

She: and i told mother i simply couldn't come to-night as i hadn't a thing to wear, but—

Host: WELL, I'M AWFULLY GLAD YOU CAME JUST THE SAME.

Not Quite

POST: They say the Pacifists are unashamed.

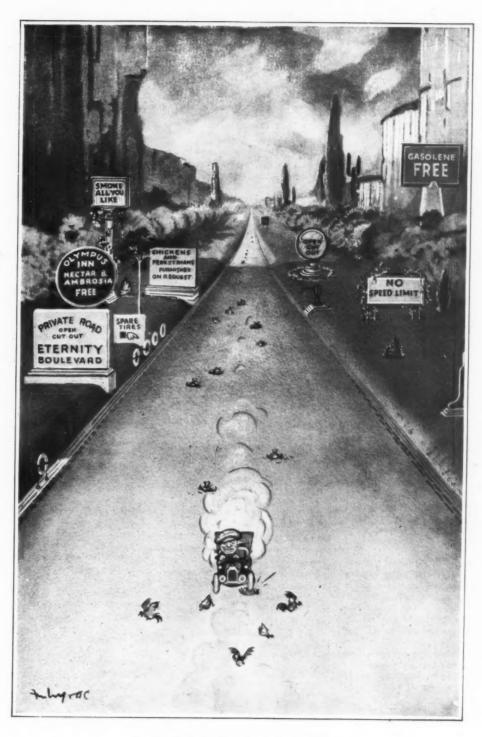
PARKER: Perhaps, but no one of them is proud enough of the idea to start a Society for Sons of Pacifists during the American Revolution or the Civil War.

"ISN'T it distressing to think of all the poverty in the world?"

"I never do; I confine myself exclusively to thinking of my own."



AMERICA FIRST
SEPARATE THE GOATS FROM THE SHEEP



THE WICKED MOTORIST'S IDEA OF PARADISE

LIFE.





LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Life's Short Story Contest

The contest closed on October 4th, 1915. So many thousands of manuscripts have been received, each one necessitating a careful reading, that our friends are invited to exercise all due patience. We shall continue to publish the stories accepted each week in this department until all the manuscripts have been passed upon; and as soon thereafter as possible the prizes will be awarded.

Somewhere in Belgium

By Percy Godfrey Savage

THE crude little cottage had been surrounded and two stalwart peasant boys routed out, but only one gun had been found. Each lad stoutly swore that he was responsible for the sniping. The old mother stood near them.

"Choose one or we will shoot both!" the German officer again ordered the old woman.

Her shrunken, toil-worn frame seemed to suffer the pain of death. She wound her rough hands in her apron. Terror, hatred, love, devotion, helplessness filled her eyes.

Alphonse, the tall, light-haired boy was urging the smaller and more delicate Petro by gestures and eager, low words to yield the punishment to him.

With equal intensity the little fellow pleaded to take the blame because Alphonse would be better able to care for their mother.

The imperturbable German, not asking for more than one life, set the decision before the mother herself. Apparently it would be necessary to shoot both of them.

The soldiers stood waiting for their part in the procedure.

The old woman turned aside. "Take Alphonse," she groaned.

Surprised, but satisfied, they took the boy to the side of the house and fired upon him.

Perhaps a thought of another youth, perhaps the wonder of why the old woman had chosen, perhaps a burden of conscience delayed the officer as he followed his men from the yard.

"Quick, Petro," whispered the mother, and the boy who had been standing rigid, with the horror of his brother's death gripping his heart, came to life. Like a shadow he disappeared. The next instant there was a shot and the German officer fell in the road.

A pack of wild beasts rushed towards the house. Two of them fell.

Somewhere inside the dwelling Petro was killed but there was neither shot nor cry.

They found the old peasant kneeling beside the doorway.

"I said, 'take Alphonse!' oh, God," she moaned, "but," she shrieked with fierce satisfaction as her enemies appeared, "because Petro could aim better with his gun!"

Three graves on the right of the cottage held the peasants, but three graves on the left held their toll.

A Po-lice-man

By Lincoln Steffens

"CHIEF," said Mickey Sweeney, police reporter, to the Chief of Police, "my paper wants th' goods to prove whether that red-headed crook, Captain Mahoney, is a crook or an honest man."

The Chief was about to light a cigar. He blew out the match and turned an anxious face to Mickey. Twice the reporter had saved his official life. There was nothing he would not tell him, if he really wanted to know it; nothing. He looked at the boy, darkly, then he looked away, off across the humming restaurant, off across the humming years, and the Chief's face cleared.

"Mickey," he said, "when I was young, younger than you, and a green cop, greener than you, I was posted on Sixth Avenue, east side, between Twentyeight Street and Thirty-three. The heart of the Tenderloin. And my beat beat with the beat of the blood of it; an' th' life; an' th' death. One night, one of my first nights, a fly cabman-one of them night-hawks that picked up drunks to take 'em home and took 'em instead to th' Park and robbed 'em; I wasn't onto th' game then, but because of th' tips they give th' police about other crooks, we let them operate-well, this night-hawk drives up close to th' curb by me, and

"'Hey, Bill,' he whispers, hoarse, 'there's murder an' riot in th' Half Shell.'

"I hot-footed to th' oyster house. Empty; not a head in sight. But I listened, and underneath, hell was boiling; yells, curses, thuds. And I piped at th' end of th' counter, a bit back, a trapdoor with th' lid off. I dropped in.

"I come down on them. One of my feet scraped down th' face of some bloke, and he cussed. My other leg got







across a feller's shoulder and stuck so I went down on my head, and my hands touched th' murdered body; they was all blood. Which helped me up; that, an' hearing near me a call, low an' quick: 'A cop!' and the chorus singing: 'Kill him!'

"So I come up standin', an' striking out, blind, with th' stick. But I began to look around, careful', to get th' lay. There was one gas-jet, rear. By it I made out th' feller that did th' murder. He was being fought over; some, th' friends o' th' dead man, desirous to kill him; others, his friends, to save him. I made for him. He was at the back, under the light, at th' tip end of th' two twisted strings of crazy-mad fighters. I had to go along between 'em, but that wasn't so hard. In th' surprise of my arrival, the clinch had broke, and that let me pass; that an' my stick on their faces. So I got through, grabbed my man by th' collar of all th' shirts and coats he had on, and I threw him up back o' me onto an old poker table that stood in th' corner.

"So far I enjoyed it, but th' mob rallied. The two fighting sides joined, and all together come for me.

"Ever see a mob mad to murder, Mickey? It scares ye. It's a beast; looks like a beast, smells like a beast. I was scared. I hit out, first with my stick, then when th' mob jammed me against th' table, I hopped up on it and kicked with both legs. An' I floored 'em; lots of 'em. But they come up again, and again, and th' mass of 'em bent me back on th' prisoner. I had to hold him, you see, and he rolled an' pitched an' kicked; that's what give me only one hand. And, by and by, I had only one leg. He-or somebody-drove an oyster knife through my ankle, in between th' tendon an' th' bone, and nailed me to th' table.

"I was done for, I guess. I was hit all over—fists, knives, chairs, legs of tables. I was sore; weak. Mike, I was all in when I seen a red-headed cop dive into th' hole. That's how it looked to me, like a dive head-first. Maybe it was because I noticed first, and so particular, th' red head on that uniform, an' th' red face, an' th' red eyes; and because they looked so good to me.

"'Hold 'em, Brother,' he calls to me, quiet-like an' sure. 'Easy does it.'

"And up he turns on his feet, an' begins to cut a swath up to me through that mess o' men. It was beautiful. That's when I learned to use a stick right, watchin' him. He held it high, so as when it landed on a head, it come down level, exactly on th' crown. Seems to shoot th' 'lectricity down th' spine, through all th' nerves to all th' joints, plumb to th' toes. He hit no head twice. Every man he fanned closed up like a knife, and click, click, click—slow, regular, nice, he laid 'em down like a corduroy road on which he walked to me.

"His red eyes was looking every which way, and they didn't miss a thing. I saw 'em see th' knife that spiked me to th' table, but they was looking at somethin' else when his left hand pulled that knife, one jerk, and, in the same stroke, drove it into a bloke that was pounding my face, and left it in him.

""Baby between us,' he says, an' he grabs th' prisoner, yanks him to his feet, and when I, obeying him, took th' other side, he says:

"' Forward, march!'

"And we marched. We stumbled some, an' slipped—off the bodies on th' floor. They was coming to, and moved; and some was getting up; enough to keep our sticks busy. But we marched, us three, like a battalion, to—under the hole.

"'Up we go,' he says to me, and with my good foot in his two hands, he shoots me up and out like a lady mounting a horse in th' Park.

"'Now, you,' he says to th' prisoner, and up th' prisoner came to me.

"And then he turns, belts th' two nearest heads two good last belts, and he bows. 'Gentlemen,' he says to th' mob, 'good night.'

"He hands me his hand and comes out, closes th' trap-door down careful and stands on th' lid.

"'Now, then,' he says to me, 'you take your baby to th' station; send me th' off-platoon, with th' wagon; and—don't hurry. I like it here. And that old oyster knife left rust in your left ankle. 'Tend to it.'"

The Chief lit the cigar he had been handling as a club. When it was burning perfectly, he said:

"Sweeney, I wish you wouldn't ask me nothing about Mahoney. He's a po-liceman."

A Clever Catch

By Lloyd F. Loux

SHE was a thief, and he knew it. He had followed her in her travels, where she posed as a saleswoman. At various times he had thought to capture her, but she evaded him. He feared he had too little evidence, and she was so wily and so clever.

When he saw her sun-kissed hair and inviting lips, he felt abashed to think of associating crime with her, and so he waited for more conclusive evidence. He wished to be sure. How embarrassing it would be to accuse her and then find her innocent!

And yet—he knew she was dangerous. Then one day he realized something odd. He had been robbed! He, the cleverest detective on the force, had been robbed!! Yes, it was hard to realize. And by the very woman he was seeking to capture. Yes, he knew she must have done it.

Now he would bring her to justice! But how? He had no actual evidence more than his own conviction. Ah, yes! He would put on a bold front and bluff

(Continued on page 88)

· LIFE ·

Rabbi Silverman Complains

THE Gary plan does not suit Rabbi Joseph Silverman of New York. It provides, among other things, for religious teaching for school children, each child to get his own kind from teachers of the church its parents designate. Rabbi Joseph is strongly opposed to that. He considers that "to give time and place in the school curriculum to religious education is a direct violation of our basic constitutional laws." He calls such a plan "a wicked scheme to thrust theological prejudice upon children," and segregate them into antagonistic groups.

Not only that, but he objects to having chaplains appointed for governmental bodies, to the Thanksgiving proclamation issued annually by the President, to religious holidays like Christmas and (in certain cases) to the singing of Christian hymns. Whether the Gary system, including its provisions for religious instruction, can be made to work in so cosmopolitan a community as this, is debatable, but as to these other errors that he points out, we are fallen so deep into them that he shows himself a bold man in suggesting even that they ought to be cured. Thanksgiving? Christmas? Shades of the Puritans, of the Virginians, of all the founders that founded us, have we got to take thought anew at this late day as to whether Thanksgiving shall be a holiday and our children go free of school and hang stockings up at Christmas? We have been Puritan, we have been more or less Christian; has the clock struck now for us to become Rabbinical?

The Jewish brethren seem to like this country. They come here in multitudes and settle and thrive and wax, but they are curiously irreverent in attitude towards what they find here and towards the faith and the traditions of which this hospitable land is the expression. They would make us over without a qualm. Even Mary Antin, whose wonderful appreciation of American opportunity has been so remarkably set forth, has not lost a minute, since she got the use of words, in practising, not to shape herself to

us, but to shape us to a better conformity with her ideals.

The Jewish mind is a very remarkable instrument and useful for certain things in all countries, but it has traits that everywhere get it into trouble, and of which Rabbi Silverman's criticisms offer a very good illustration. Judaism is never going to have its way with us, nor even modify our traditions enough to make it happy. Liberty and protection are all it will get here. If it wants a country it can run on its own model it must get in behind Mr. Brandeis and the Zionists. Now while the world is all mussed up is Rabbi Silverman's chance to detach from the scrap heap a country where there won't be any Christmas, and go

There are two courses open to American Jews: to merge and lose their religion, or be separate and keep it. The wish of some of them to eliminate religion from all public customs—schools, legislatures, public songs and proclamations—will fail. What is bred in the American people is bound to come out, and there are not nearly enough Silvermans in the country to check it.

E. S. M.

A Brochure

BOUND in calf, or half-in-half,
Illuminated by hand,
Tied with a string, or some such thing,
And closed with a golden band.

Called "The Dim Dawn of a Sunless Morn,"
Or "Light of a Deep Morass,"
The heroine, a wild Gazelle—
The hero, an aimless Ass.

It's purposeless, a general mess,
And this is made quite clear,
It has no plot, just driveling rot,
But it has the atmosphere.

Laurence Brooks Robbins.

MR. WILSON'S best asset just now is German-American opposition. Among his bad assets are Josephus Daniels and Mexico.

Perhaps, however, he is rich enough politically to afford to have some bad paper in his box.

"IF we put this case in the courts, will we get justice?"

"No; but then we know that the other fellow won't either."



"HOW PROVIDENTIAL THAT OUR DEAR PROFESSOR'S PARENTS KNEW NOTHING OF EUGENICS"



THE LIFE OF ATTILA THE SECOND. CHAPTER II
EVEN AS A BOY HE COULD SHOW HIS LITTLE COUSINS HOW TO RUN THINGS

Will Joffre Get Krupps?

Joffre says what he wants is Krupps, and that he will get it when he disposes of another million Prussians right in the soil of France.—C. W. Barron in a speech at Toronto.

MAYBE! There is agreement among old-time monkish forecasters that the great war will end by a huge battle in Westphalia near Essen. Also current rumor describes a huge British preparation of airships to go and drop bombs on Krupps. Cautious persons who do not care to bet on monkish prophecies may risk a little something at proper odds on the airships.

THE saddest thing about popular plays is their popularity.



The Large One: How dare you run into me!

"I DIDN'T DARE, I TRIED TO GO ROUND!"

High- and Low-Church Patriots

THERE are high-church and low-church patriots. High-church patriots feel a call to genuflect when the flag passes, and rise when a national hymn is sung. Low-church patriots are not stirred by these impulses, though quite as strong in patriotic faith as their brethren. It is best to be liberal in these details of patriotism, letting example teach what lessons it may, but not trying to exact conformity in outward observances.

A STOUNDED MOTHER: Why, Tottie, you never told me you had invited so many children to this party!

SMALL HOSTESS: That's 'cause you said that I could never keep a secret.

·LIFE

My Subway Guard Friend

HAVE always wanted to have an intimate interview with a New York subway guard. Selecting one that I thought would answer my purpose, I arrayed myself in medieval armor, and sent up my card.

He received me very pleasantly.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," he said, throwing me across the room into a chair. "You don't know how to sit down, do you?" He stood me on my head once or twice, broke a collar bone or so and I believe a rib, and arranged me in the proper manner.

"There, that's better," he said. "Now, what can I do for you? Any little thing?"

My armor, which, though not made to order, fitted me fairly well when I entered, was now bent so as to occasion me some slight inconvenience. But I smiled brightly and replied:

"I came in to know how you like your life-work?"

"I was born to it," he replied, playfully putting his feet on my chest and gently exerting a four-hundred-pound pressure until I felt the wall behind me preparing to yield. "It's a great thing to understand your job, to like it, and to know that you are the right man in the right place."

"Don't you find," I ventured, "that people are often rude to you?"

"That is my cross," he replied. "The work of every real artist is handicapped by the misunderstanding of the purely vulgar; but I bear with them, I bear with them."

He started to move me to the ceiling, when, thinking that I might interest him in the details of his profession, I asked:

"At a guess, about how many people can you get into an ordinary subway car?"

He smiled blithely and flicked the ashes of a superb stogie into my off eye.

"It depends entirely upon my moods," he replied. "I am very temperamental. If I am feeling in fairly good condition, and at peace with all the world, I can get in about five thousand."

"That is a goodly number," I ventured. The truth is, my mind was beginning to wander slightly, and my blood pressure, I should judge, was about one thousand, and I was afraid to start anything too definite.

"I suppose," I added, as vaguely as possible, that on your off days you couldn't pack in more than two or three hundred or possibly—"

A hurt look came into his eye, and I saw his muscles begin to swell ominously.

"Now you are guying me," he said. Picking me up and throwing me down, he stamped on me for a few moments until my new suit was something like a sheet of steel writing paper. Then he folded me up and shot me through the door.

"Come around and see me again," he chortled, "I'm a little off to-day not quite myself."

Thomas L. Masson.

She Had Him

"CAN you get a recommendation from your former husband?"

"Can I! He knows that if I marry again, the alimony he is paying me will stop."



HORTI-KULTUR-AL SWEET WILLIAM

Sounds Long-hairedish

FREDERICK C. HOWE, Immigration Commissioner in New York, lately delivered a Sunday night address in which (as reported) he said:

He would have all the people, the women included, vote whether the country should fight or not. If the decision were for war, he said that those who voted in favor of it should be drafted for the first line of defense, and that newspaper-owners who used their influence for war should be required to serve in the first ranks.

This is flabby talk, and not practical. Newspaper-owners are almost always too old for first-line soldiers. Moreover, if Congress is good for anything it is good to decide a question of going to war.

Frederick seems to need a hair-cut.

The Fate of Saskatchewan

IT is our province to record the bad as well as the good, to be a brother to the under as well as the over dog. The painful news from Saskatchewan must therefore be told to a sympathetic world.

Saskatchewan, famed in song and story, has recently gone prohibition. Four hundred and fifty saloons have been closed, and four hundred and fifty bartenders are now without an honorable occupation. Getting drunk in Saskatchewan, instead of the glorious occupation that it was, is now a matter of subterfuge, consisting of a shameful and cringing visit to a government dispensary, attended by humiliations which even a hardened pen shrinks from hinting at.

Those of us who get drunk in Metropoli, the land where the cocktail, the highball and the pousse-café spring from the soil and the imagination is restricted to the narrow confines of streets, may never know the epic and moral grandeur of getting drunk in Saskatchewan.

Query

THE millionth Ford has just been turned out. How long will it be before Mr. Ford is turning out an Oscar II every two minutes?



The Lady: COME BACK, BOY; THAT ICE ISN'T SAFE, Boy on Bank: That ain't fair, missis. I bet him a nickel he'd fall in.

The Business Situation

MR. J. MAMMON PHISCAL, one of the leading supermagnates of Wall Street, returned from abroad yesterday on the liner Infernia. In speaking of the business situation he said:

"I am very well pleased with the outlook. If we will put our shoulders to the wheel there is no reason why we can't produce a prolonged period of unparalleled and pulchritudinous prosperity. But there must be no opposition, no agita-

tion and no regulation; there must be no attempt at reform and no maudlin sentimentalism, whether in the name of Socialism, Progressivism or what-not.

"From now on for at least a decade, and perhaps longer, we should think of nothing but making money; we should all work and plan and scheme to get money, regardless of how we get it or how much we really need. This can not be done if we allow ourselves to be hampered by morals, ethics, humanity, religion, altruism, righteousness or other foolish notions. Of course, I do not mean to say that such sentiments are entirely useless. It may be that some day we shall find time for them, but not now. Now is the time to accumulate dollars, regardless of all other considerations."

Our Help Column

How can I achieve success in any undertaking?

LEARN to be inscrutable. Acquire an inscrutable face, wear an inscrutable manner, and attire yourself in inscrutable clothes. Say inscrutable things in an inscrutable voice. This advice holds good for any "line of business." If you wish to be a philosopher, be an inscrutable one. Nobody can then "put over" anything on you. If you wish to be a bank president, your inscrutable behavior will give you a splendid reputation for business sagacity.

Brains are superfluous. Inscrutability is the only necessary ability. The owl, in the broad daylight, cannot see beyond the end of his nose. But because he is inscrutable, his name is a synonym for wisdom.

MOST books are junk, and incline back to the papermill as the spark flieth upwards.

The Flaw

THE man who was in love with the wife of his best friend consulted his watch, as he stood on the corner opposite his best friend's house.

"He has just gone out," he soliloquized, "and left her alone. Is this the proper and usual time for me to enter? Will he, in about half an hour more, recall that he has forgotten his whisk-broom or his spats and, returning, discover me? Then who shall be shot? We must do this thing right."

Hastening along the street, at last he caught up with his best friend and briefly explained the situation.

"Does Mollie expect you?" said the best friend.

" Certainly."

"Um! There's a rusty old revolver in the tool cabinet. I might shoot you both and then myself. That would make a complete job of it—if there are bullets enough."

"We can send for more, if not. But it seems to me that one of us ought to remain alive to expiate the sin."

"That's so. What you might call an expiator."

"Exactly."

"Let's go back and talk it over with Mollie."

Arriving at the house a few moments later, they entered.

"Mollie!" called the husband.

There was no answer.

"Singular!" muttered the best friend. "She knew she was to wait."

Mollie's husband, in the meantime, had just finished read ing a note which she had left on the hat-rack.



Voice from Ba..e: STICK AROUND, SAMMY, THERE'S GOIN' TO BE SOMETHIN' DOIN' IN A MINUTE

"Well," he exclaimed, "if that isn't just like a woman! They never do keep engagements."

The best friend read as follows:

"You know Mudrove, the man you have hated and to whom you always refer as your worst enemy? Well, just to show that you can't run things with a system where a woman is concerned, I've run off with him. See you later."



"OH, WELL-THEY'LL BE A COMFORT TO US WHEN THEY GROW UP."

"NEVER MIND—THEY WERE A PLEASURE WHEN THEY WERE



"can you come to the jeweler's with me to-morrow, dearest? I'd like you to choose the ring yourself."

[&]quot;IN THAT CASE PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER SAVE UP A LITTLE LONGER, DARLING."



JANUARY 13, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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EARNED John Selden, living in England three or four cen-

> turies ago, when times were pretty trying, wrote that a man

should never resolve beforehand and publish his intention, but "must do according to Accidents and Emergencies."

No doubt that is what President Wilson has aimed to do, but the Accidents and Emergencies keep him pretty well on the jump. Just at this writing, and right in the teeth of the pious hope expressed on New Year's in the Sun, that there might be no other case of the Lusitania sort before the dawn of world peace, comes this vociferous emergency of the Persia with the biggest death list of the kind since the Lusitania.

It seems as if the Teuton brethren would have us mixed into their troubles, whether or no. Possibly they can't help themselves. Possibly their warfare, as they chose to wage it, has got its head and can only partially and imperfectly be guided. One cannot tell. But this much, more and more, observers must believe, that the Teuton diplomatic notes to us, whether they are German or Austrian, are just a part of the job, made to serve the turn of the hour or the month, and only binding at convenience except on us. The Teuton operators seem to mean to do, on land and sea, whatever they think profitable "according to Accidents and Emergencies," indulging our obliging government meanwhile in as much conversation as we have appetite for. If we don't like the way they carry on war they will doubtless discuss it with us till kingdom come, and even promise to change as often as we wish.

It is not certain that they can do differently, but it is getting to be reasonably certain that they won't. Really, they must be laughing. If it is true, as the papers said, that the passengers by the Lafayette got warnings like those sent to passengers by the Lusitania, the jig must be pretty nearly up.

Our real quarrel is not merely with these sinking spells that the Teutons have, but is based in a deep dissatisfaction with the Teutonic aims in the war and the Teutonic methods of warfare. If we once got started in active opposition to both it would not take us long to get back to our attitude of a year ago, when we knew what we felt and were conscious of something solid and positive under foot. We have been put to sleep discussing diplomatic points that we cared little about, but when the Lusitania sank there was fire in the land, and, given kindling enough, it will not be so very hard a matter to reinduce combustion. Congress is in session now, and Congress may be more combustible than the Cabinet.



JENRY FORD is home again and says he has learned something, which is good news. He says that before he went away he believed that bankers, militarists and munition manufacturers were responsible for the war, but that he has come back convinced that the fault lay with the people of Europe, the very ones who are being slaughtered, because they neglected to put their governments in charge of men who could keep them out of trouble.

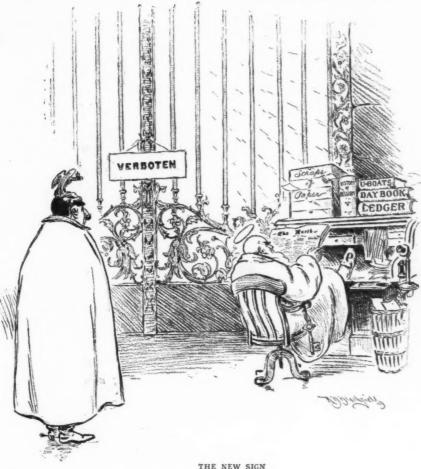
This conclusion marks a distinct advance in Henry's mental attitude. It was never true that the war was induced by persons who hoped to make money out of it. They were an incident: not a cause. It is true, in a way, that the people have been to blame because they let themselves be governed by men who got them into war. Of all people, the most to blame in this particular are the Germans. But how could they help themselves? Their government was stronger than they were. They could not break out of the order that controlled them, except as the result of some deep-reaching and calamitous upset. That is what war is for, to break up existing orders that have outrun their commission and cannot otherwise be smashed. Almost everywhere in Europe-in Germany, in Russia, in England, in Turkey-this war may be expected to have that effect. It is a horrible price to pay for anything, but possibly the ultimate result may be worth it.



AM one of the worst offenders," says Henry Ford. "In the thirtyone years I have been a voter I have only voted six times, and then only because my wife made me."

That brings up another matter. Henry Ford has been busy making automobiles and let government take care of itself. Most Americans are busy making a living, and let government take care of itself. The Germans have been busy making a living and have let government not only take care of itself, but take care of them. And it has done it to admiration, in most respects; so much so that a queer idolatry of government seemed to have fastened on to the poor Germans, and they had come to think that people

LIFE.



existed for government rather than government for people.

Of course, it is scandalous that Henry Ford should have voted only six times in thirty-one years, but not quite so scandalous as it seems, because Henry's concentration on motor engines has been very useful to the community. He spent his time and strength in a line in which he was an expert. That is the way to get results. That is what the Germans do, and that's what we want to do; and in particular we want our governing to be done by persons expert in government.

Henry says the people are to blame for the war because they didn't get wiser men to govern them.

How could they? Who is wiser? How is it with us? Do we get wise men to govern us? Is W. W. so very wise, and is it to our credit if he is? Is T. R. so very wise? Your friend William Bryan, Henry-are you going to offer him to us as a wise man?

Alas! Henry, nobody is very wise. The most improving lesson one could draw from your wonderful pilgrimage was that you were no greater goose than some of those who hissed loudest at you. Life is a dangerous adventure, and government is another. The choice we seem to have is between government by the competent who can control us, and by the incompetent whom we can control. The Germans have had control by the competent. Just look at them now! We have had government by the incompetent, and so has England. What do you think of it, Henry? How does it look to you, not only as you look around but as you look ahead?

We get this same general choice in

everything. The Roman Catholic Church stands for government in religion by competence and control of the governed. The Protestant churches are for self-government, and control of it by the governed, which is a kind of self-control. That is good when it works. So is the other way. But one tends to an incorporation of salvation which isn't quite satisfactory, and the other to relaxation of discipline, which isn't quite right, either. In this country, in default of the governmental control we needed, we were getting a fair article of government by corporations, which put us in the hands of experts and was not altogether bad. But we got alarmed about our liberties and blew that method up, and have landed now in a condition of being governed chiefly by the Southern States, with Josephus Daniels as their bright exemplar, which is not a sufficiently expert government to satisfy even us.

Do not mourn, Henry, over those twenty-five years when you never cast a vote. You should have voted, but, after all, your vote didn't matter, and if you had given enough of yourself to politics really to count in it, you couldn't have perfected the Ford motor and induced it to multiply in immense litters as now. Be consoled. You haven't wasted any time. Somehow, we will thrash out this problem of government, with the help of the war. But it is not easy. It is a proceeding between the devil and the deep sea, being in that respect much like the rest of life.



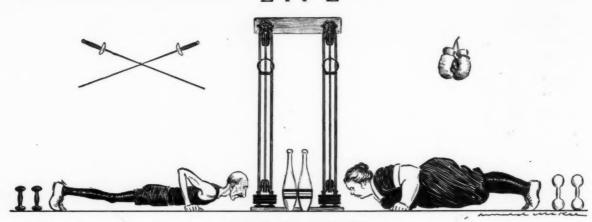
WE congratulate the prosecuting authorities of Westchester County on their brilliant achievement of catching a bear by the tail.

Mr. Osborne is the bear. They have got him tight, and can't conveniently let go. Their proceedings with him have been abundantly wonderful. The pith of their charges against him is gross personal immorality. It is possible they have reduced themselves to such a condition of malignant credulity that they believe this charge, but no normal-minded person seems to make other than short work of it.



If the founder of the family could visit them now





JACK SPRATT COULD NOT GET FAT. HIS WIFE COULD NOT GET LEAN.



Grave, Gay and Statistical

"THE DEVIL'S GARDEN" certainly has some very gripping episodes, which are in competent hands for their interpretation, with Mr. Lyn Harding the central figure in each. In them he has able assistance, in one case from Lillian Albertson, as his unfaithful wife; in another from Albert Tavernier, as the simple-minded Baptist preacher who converts him; and in the third from Geraldine O'Brien, as the girl whose gypsy blood and passion lead him to the knowledge that he is still a sinful man, and through that to the final tragedy.

Edith Ellis, who dramatized Mr. Maxwell's

undeniably strong book, has taken so many liberties with it that she might wisely have gone a step further and, to the betterment of the play, have left out much of its talk. The play would have been more effective if in the last of its acts she had adhered to the author's spectacular ending, instead of needlessly drawing out its depressing influence with ingenious symbolism of her own devising. It may be that the strength and daring of the earlier incidents will save the drama from her treatment of the always dreaded unhappy ending. It seems doubtful, though, when one considers the aversion of the American public to leaving a theatre with a feeling of depression. To have followed more closely the author's climax of the orphanage fire might have seemed a tawdry accomplishment, but it would have finished the play with a thrill instead of a let-down from its previous power to interest. The showing of the workings of Dale's mind, in any case, should have been done earlier in the development of the story, instead of being made an anti-climax.

"The Devil's Garden" is a stronger drama than we have had for a long time. It is admirably acted and has an added

interest from the novelty of its stage settings by Mr. R. E. Jones. The first scene might easily have been more effective with a more conventional official atmosphere, but to introduce it at all was only a necessity in setting forth the story. Whether "The Devil's Garden" appeals to public liking, or not, it is quite worth seeing for its early acts and for the excellence of acting and production.





"VERY GOOD, EDDIE" is a cheerful girl-and-music setting of the successful farce, "Over Night." In the familiar propinquity of performers and audience at the little Princess Theatre the proceedings seem to have a lack of formality which puts all present on terms of general enjoyment. The piece fits ragtime, and the abundant supply of rag-time, interpreted by an unusually attractive

chorus with real voices and dancing ability, makes the new edition of the amusing plot a pleasant addition to current attractions. Among the principals Alice Dovey, Ada Lewis and Messrs. Truex and Hazzard are able fun-makers.

"Very Good, Eddie" is much better than its title would suggest, and ought to do a good deal more than fill the little Princess for some time to come.



SOME curious reflections are suggested by the close of the long run of the moving-picture spectacle and play, "The Birth of a Nation." During its showing in the greater city its total of admissions was 872,000, doubtless a larger number than any stage attraction, dramatic or other, ever drew. The advocates of the movies will no doubt point to this as a triumph over the dramatic and musical stage.

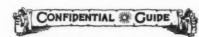
Roughly figured on the basis of New York's entire population, this means that "The Birth of a Nation" was seen by about one person in every seven. This proportion would be somewhat changed if from the total we deducted the considerable number who saw the film more than once, and also the

Accepting the first figure, that one resident out of every seven in Greater New York saw this film and that it appealed to a large public that rarely visits the theatre proper, drawn by the patriotic nature of the subject and not kept away by conscientious or religious objections to the stage, how are we to account for the other six persons who did not see it? Of course, we have to omit from consideration those who are too young or too old to visit the theatre. As it was a picture play it should have attracted our newer citizens, whether they understand our language or not.

It seems as though it would be safe to figure that this attraction, with a more than usual general appeal, was visited by only one New Yorker out of every four of an age and condition suited to understand and perhaps enjoy it.

There may be a flaw somewhere in these calculations, or a lack of logic in reaching the conclusion, but it seems a fair inference that only one-quarter of New York's possible public is attracted by the theatre and the playhouse, even with the widest kind of an appeal. Here's food for speculation for those who think about the theatre from the commercial, the artistic, the educational, or even the sociological, point of view.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. Having fun with the professional revivalists and prohibitionists in a laughable, well-acted comedy showing some of their commercial methods.

showing some of their commercial methods.

Bandbox.—The Washington Square Players
in a new bill of playlets. Notice later.

Belasco. — "The Boomerang," by Messrs.
Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Delightfully staged and well-played, laughable comedy exploiting some of the weak spots in the practice of medicine.

Booth.—" David Garrick," with Mr. E. H. Sothern in the title rôle. Notice later.

Candler.—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. Crime drama, interesting, well acted and showing that even the lapse of years does not always make the police forget.

Casino.—"The Blue Paradise." Melodic and diverting comic operetta of the Viennese type, well presented.

Century .- Closed.

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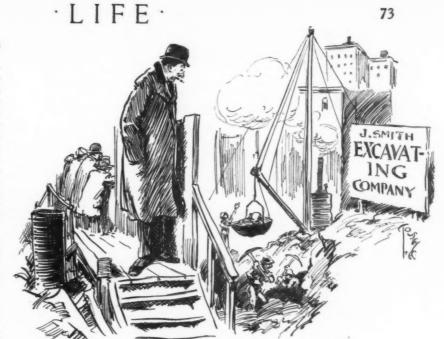
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d be iderthe Contary,—Closed.

Comedy.—" Hobson's Choice," by Mr. Harold Brighouse. Very laughable and extremely well-played comedy of life in small tradesman circles in a Lancashire suburb.

Cort.—" The Princess Pat," by Messrs. Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. Diverting



"THAT REMINDS ME I'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE DENTIST AT THREE."

and tuneful comic operetta of American origin and with the scene laid in America. Eltinge. — "Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. Farce, unusually well acted and full of laughter from beginning to end. Empire.—Maude Adams in revival of "The Little Minister." Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street. — "Katinka." Comic operetta of the Continental type. Conventional, but amusing and tuneful.

Forty-eighth Street.—Julia Arthur in "The Eternal Magdalene," by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. Symbolism interestingly introduced to a well-acted drama dealing with the everpresent problem of the woman outside the pale of respectability.

Fulton.-" Ruggles of Red Gap." Wellplayed but not entirely successful transplanting of a successful book to the stage.

Garden.—Hauptmann's rather gloomy pic-tures of labor troubles in Germany, well staged and well acted by Mr. Emanuel Reicher's company.

Globe.—"Stop! Look! Listen!" with Gaby Deslys. Elaborate girl-and-music show with the rag-time element highly developed.

Harris.—"The Devil's Garden." See above.

Hippodrome. — "Hip-Hip-Hooray." Spectacle, ballet and ice carnival, all on the usual brilliant and Hippodrome big scale.

Hudson,—" Bunny," by Mr. Austin Strong. Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—The Triangle moving pic-tures. Specially written scenarios with well-known legitimate actors.

Longacre.—"The Great Lover," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and Leo Ditrichstein. Comedy of the private life of grand-opera artists. Interesting and very well done.

Lyceum.—"Our Mrs. McChesney." Amusing stage version of the Edna Ferber stories,

with Ethel Barrymore as the traveling sales-lady in the petticoat line.

Lyric.—"Abe and Mawruss," by Montague Glass and R. C. Megrue. More laughable episodes in the social and business careers of the two cloak-and-suit heroes, Potash and Perlmutter.

Maxine Elliott's.—Mr. Robert Hilliard, in "The Pride of Race," by Mr. Michael L. Landman. Notice later.

Landman. Notice later.

Playhouse.—Grace George in "Major Barbara," by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Very well presented drama of the English socialist dramatist, wittily exploiting his views on religion, respectability and preparedness.

Princess.—"Very Good, Eddie." "Over Night" turned into musical farce. See above.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island."

Stevenson's famous pirate story turned into interesting and picturesque stage version.

Republic.—"Common Clay." by Mr. Cleves

Republic.—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkead. The familiar stage topic of the double standard in the law of the sexes in an interesting setting forth by an excellent com-

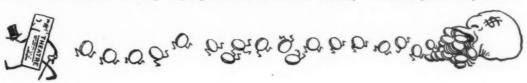
Shubert.—"Alone at Last." A musically ambitious comic operetta by the author of "The Merry Widow." Amusing and well done

done.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Unchastened Woman," by Mr. Louis Anspacher. Good company, headed by Emily Stephens, indrama of New York life, interesting even if it does not exactly hold the mirror up to

nature. Winter Garden. — "The World of Pleasure." Girls galore, costumes, scenery, tough comedians, rag-time and a profusion of everything calculated to cheer up the flagging spirits of the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld's Frolic. — Midnight entertainment, in the way of cabaret and dancing, for those who like to greet the rosy dawn.





The Latest Books

WALTER LIPPMANN'S "A Preface to Politics," published three years ago, was probably read by more un-politically minded citizens, with more surprise and pleasure at finding themselves interested in it, than any volume dealing analytically with a kindred subject that had appeared in years. There was intellectual ozone in it. The book actually took cognizance of human nature in a discussion of organized human relations. Reading it was like adjourning an art class from the studio to the woods. But Mr. Lippmann's second book, "Drift and Mastery," while it earned commendatory adjectives, was disappointing. It was able but academic. It was intellectually interesting, but it didn't do things to you. One met people everywhere who were trying to feel toward it as they had toward the "Preface," and who weren't succeeding. Now, therefore, that Mr. Lippmann has published a third book, "The Stakes of Diplomacy" (Holt, \$1.25), it is a real joy to find it of the same order as the first. It deals with the human nature involved in international human relations. It deals with the matter impersonally, yet brings significances personally home to us. It is a book that widens horizons and quickens con-

WHEN you are on the look-out for a bit of light reading with a touch of novelty and a tang of life to it, try Arthur Stringer's novel called "A Prairie Wife" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.25). It is the short, crisply told story of the breaking-in of a fashionably raised American girl as the working wife of a pioneer wheat-rancher in the new Canadian northwest—a girl, who, on the rebound from a broken-off international match, has hastily married "the other man" without stopping to look at the primitive life she

to look at the primitive life she was leaping into. She tells the story herself. Tells it colloquially and naturally. And the country, the people and the sporting spirit of the little woman herself are made very real to us. H. T. Dunn's illustrations, by the way, are remarkable in that they actually illustrate.

E DNA FERBER'S supply of "pep" gives no sign of giving out. In her new series of Emma McChesney stories, "Emma McChesney & Co." (Stokes, \$1.00), seven further adventures of the heroine of "Roast Beef Medium" and of Miss Ferber's other collections of silk-skirt-selling tales are given with unabated verve and snap. Even marriage, which happens to Emma early in the new volume, doesn't either dampen her business ardor or dull her fictional entertainingness. She is becoming a sort of national institution.

EVERYBODY—war correspondents and readers of war correspondence alike-has been so engrossed in European aspects of the war that events in the Far East have received scanty attention. Yet now it begins not only to look as though the war itself might be decided on near-eastern battlefields, but as though some of its most far-reaching results might materialize on the Pacific slopes of Asia. Jefferson Jones's "The Fall of Tsing-Tau" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.75) with its eye-witness description of the fighting in the Japanese siege and its frank discussion of the developing situation in the Orient, is easily, therefore, the most "different" and the most timely war-book of the moment.

SPEAKING of stories that are "different"—"H. R." (Harpers, \$1.25), Edwin Lefevre's slashing satirical "ro-



"AN ARMY TRAVELS ON ITS STOMACH"

mance" of the America of the moment, is one of them. H. R. is a bank's book-keeper who starts in on a career of high finance and social conquest in New York—a career the mock-serious pyramided absurdities of which afford the author his desired opportunities for wit, innuendo, irony, epigram—the full intellectual battery of back-handed bastinado. It is great fun; but, as it moves by a series of more or less uncertain explosions, it is very jolty reading. J. B. Kerfoot.

Journalism Efficient

HANDY Form of War Dispatch. January, via The announcement has been made by that the forces have withdrawn from the region of the and are now occupying A fierce battle is expected at any moment. Several passed through here to-day on their way General reports that he will be able soon to According to a careful estimate just compiled by, who is a leading world's authority on, the total losses to date are killed and wounded. This does not, however, include the nor the Premier, in discussing the situation, said: "The war will end in"

The met this morning amid thunders of applause. It is understood, however, that there is a strong undercurrent of discontent. Riots have been reported in and At the headquarters of the army at an early hour this morning there was much

Henry's Personal Adventure

The landing of the peace expedition in Europe will be recorded as one of the most benevolent things the American Republic ever did.—
Henry Ford at Christiania.

So there, Henry! You did it, not the American Republic. Even modesty does not warrant you in putting that collection of curiosities off on to the United States. You did it, and you may be able to pull the thing off, but it is strictly an individual show, and if it does any good it must be by exercise of a purely individual talent.



"HELP, SAM! HELP!"

[&]quot;SORRY, BUT IT'S NONE OF MY AFFAIR. 'TISN'T ON MY LAND."

A Hygienic Hint

"WATER is full of little three-eyed dinguses."

They loiter in the alimentive tract, Excoriate us with their cussed stin-

And cause our dissolution, for a fact.

But whiskey! Whiskey harbors no bac-

To breed disorder and provoke mishap;

Or cut up didoes with a man's interior, And ultimately wipe him off the map.

Then let us nobly face the stern reality,
And one and all intelligently choose,
Between cold water, sapping our vitality,

And hygienic, salutary booze.

Quincy Kilby.

A Question of Efficiency

TWO Efficiency Experts met.

"The German army is the most efficient in the world," declared the First Expert.

"Not at all," objected the Second Expert. "I consider the German army the least efficient in the world,"

"That's absurd," rejoined the First Expert. "They have the best equipment, the best organization, the best discipline, everything of the very best, and the whole thing works as smoothly as a well-oiled machine."

"That may all be," admitted the Second Expert "Nevertheless, I maintain that the German army is the least efficient in the world."

"If you are going to talk utter nonsense I must bid you good day. Everybody admits that the German army is the most efficient."

"Yes, but there was a time when everybody admitted that the earth was flat. Now nobody admits it. In the same way the time will come when everybody will admit that the German army is the least efficient."

"Prophecy is easy," sneered the First Expert.

"I can also demonstrate, but first

let me ask this: Does the army exist for the benefit of the nation or the nation exist for the benefit of the army?"

"The army for the benefit of the nation, of course."

"Then it follows that that army is most efficient which is most beneficial to the nation, which best keeps it out of trouble and affords the highest measure of protection with the least demand upon the nation for men and money. This is not true of the German army. It is a tremendous strain on the nation in time of peace, driving its best citizens away from the country by its harsh exactions and adding terribly to the tax burdens of those who remain. By embroiling the nation in war it had increased those burdens many, many fold. The German army has cost more than that of any other nation and it has brought the nation nothing but hatred. Therefore, it is the least efficient of all armies."

"Oh, well," said the First Expert, "if you're going to use the word 'efficiency' in that sense there may be some truth in what you say."

"Why shouldn't it be used in that sense?" responded the Second Expert. "It is such a splendid word that it should be used in the very best sense that can be found for it."

Ellis O. Jones.



INSPIRED BY READING WAR STUFF, THE DORSONS LEARN TO EXECUTE A FLANK MOVEMENT, AND FIRE THE COOK.

Only a Humble Suggestion

AFTER, presumably, much prayer, Billy Sunday has recently announced that he will come to New York and save it in the early part of the year nineteen hundred and seventeen. (Chicago, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati papers please copy.)

New York has not been saved for some time. We do not recall the last occasion clearly but are under the impression that Moody and Sankey or Mr. Dowie did the job. Since then the paint has worn off in places, and the paper has faded. Whole areas will undoubtedly have to be burned off. We guess Billy can do it.

But is it worth it? Billy saved Paterson only the other day, and look at her. We passed through there Tuesday and things looked about the

Miss Flynn, who was tried there and let off, doesn't think things are very different.

Saving a whole city is a thankless job, and never permanent. Just as you get your city saved, it gets away from you. We should like to see Billy Sunday save a home, for practice, and keep it saved. Then he could work up to a big job like New York.

Teasing Colonel House

THE Sun thinks that special messengers to Europe like Colonel House should not be sent abroad "unless the office is first created by law and the nominee duly confirmed by the Senate, which has the constitutional right to participate in the appointment."

What about Lincoln and Seward when they sent over Beecher, Archbishop Hughes, Thurlow Weed and other messengers and carriers of "atmosphere" to England? Did Lincoln's messengers fill offices created by law?

Tut, tut! What ails the Sun?

GILLET: How many people work in your office?

PERRY: Only one. He came to-day. The others have been with us some time.

Destiny

THERE hung over Professor Astore's World Astounding Flea Circus a pall of sorrow. The torchlight in front was dimmed, while inside the tent a group of three—the Professor himself, Demps the spieler and Hawk Eye, the canvas tout—bent over the little box which held the performers.

In the midst of a lot of callous fleas, Florine, The Most Famous Flea in the World, lay dying. Beside her, almost imperceptible to the human eye, lay a tiny flea, just born. It was the strain of procreation which had taken all her strength.

"Doggonut," the Professor wailed.

"Bud, ain't it Yiddish luck to me, loosin' der best flea in a whole box?

Nefer, in all our lives togeder, shall we see such pushings of der merry-gorount as Florine did." His sorrow was genuine.

"Cheer up, boss," said Hawk Eye.
"A flea's a flea and she left one in her place. Make the little sucker push the wheel, when he grows up."

The Professor eyed the tiny speck beside Florine with greater interest. "Dot iss so," he said speculatively. "Florine was a pig flea for der dog flea kint. He should be pigger, yet." So he removed the defunct Florine.

Five years later the world admitted



THE CHRONIC KICKER'S AISLE IN HADES



" HOW TO DRESS ON FIFTY DOLLARS A YEAR"

that though Florine had been a great flea at pushing the merry-go-round, there was no flea that had ever equalled the stunts of Jumping Jack, her offspring. Professor Astore, who confined his activities to county fairs, had, in the startling, original wording of the Byrdville Weekly, "a bear of a show." Jumping Jack was star of the set. He could jump through a watch ring, push the merry-go-round, dance quite madly to "Dixie," play on a mouth organ, and push a match around-"A piece of wood, ladies and gentlemen," when Demps waxed eloquent, "that was Eve hundred times his own weight."

"Ant fed right here," the Professor would explain to delighted audiences, pointing to his own left arm.
"Fed there efry day to grow pig. Nefer has Jumpin' Jack bit on a dog

yet! Vy, dot flea would scorn any pup born in der world. Only me he bites." And to prove it he would place him upon the nearest person's arm and Jumping Jack would leap gaily back to his master with never a bite—a happy, contented flea in his bondage.

High society finally invaded the county fair on the closing night, a night of triumph in Byrdville for the World Astounding Flea Circus. Jumping Jack had performed to crowded houses ten times or more, and though a crowded house at a flea circus needs be small, Professor Astore was rubbing his hands together delightedly as high society pounced down upon his little tent. They demanded another show and The Jumper was haled forth from his bed, for the house was rich.

(Continued on page 86)

Union Forever

CALLING attention to the fact that man's underwear has not been improved upon since the days of the Puritans, the Kansas City Star says that "millions of proud and self-respecting men, even arrogant men who demand to have their votes counted, will buy union suits when they know the arms are too long, and will stealthily turn up the sleeves when they don't shrink and wear them in the form of a cuff all winter."

Far be it from us to dwell upon this pathetic and painful subject. Undoubtedly, in all ages underwear has been the husband's cross and the bachelor's despair. Yet are we putting too much of a strain upon our optimism when we timidly state that the union suit is an improvement upon the former double-piece garment? For one thing, when one rises in the dim, religious light of a bleak winter's morning the union suit is more easy to locate. It cannot, so to speak, become separated from each other. It is woven together indissolubly. When we find it, perhaps cowering and muttering to itself behind the bath tub, where we joyfully flung it the night before, it is not divided against itself. In the long process of ages, to have evolved in men's underwear even so slight an improvement as this, is surely worth recording. It shows, in spite of Mr. Bryan, Scott Nearing and Von Tirpitz, that civilization is in reality advancing. Who knows but that in some future age, even our pajamas will undergo a cosmic change, so that when we have a pair sent home, the legs will always be the right length-just long enough, as Lincoln remarked about any man's legs, to reach the ground.

The Closed Circle

YOUNG GIRL: Yes! I feel an intense longing to do something for others.

FRIEND: Just whom do you mean by others?

"Well, I suppose almost anybody outside of my immediate family."



POKER TERM
"DRAWING TO A GOOD PAIR"



THE KNIGHT ERRANT

Stirred Up

UNCLE SAM reclined upon a divan in the drawingroom of his luxurious apartments. A servant entered, at his signal, with the evening papers.

"What's happened to-day?" asked Uncle Sam.

"A few factories have been bombed," said the servant.

"Several thousand women and children have been drowned, the government has been insulted, the capitol has been partially des——"

"Oh, yes, yes-but anything of importance?"

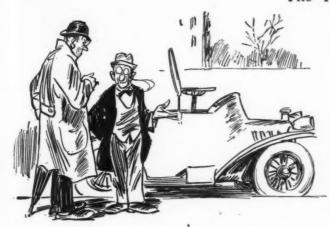
"A foreign power has detained our other merchant vessel, causing us a loss of four dollars and thirty-one cents money."

The old gentleman leaped to his feet.

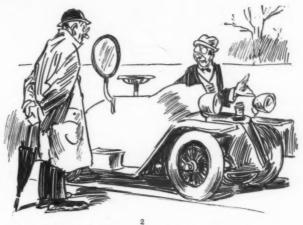
"Enough of this lawlessness!" he roared. "Four dollars and thirty-one cents in money! Before Heaven"—and one could not mistake the determination that animated the man—"before Heaven, I swear that I shall give this foreign power no rest, neither by day nor by night, until I have recovered, with legal interest, my four dollars and thirty-one cents!"

E. H.

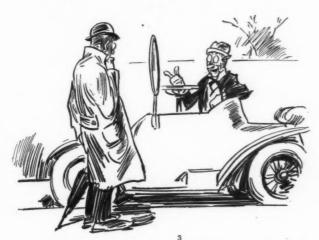
The Theorist



"Do you care to come for a spin in my machine?



"Yes, I had it built to order, after my own design, my theory being that by sitting backwards and looking into that mirror—



"—all the annoyance due to dust and wind is entirely eliminated and the mind is less distracted from the business of steering.



"Just watch me and I'll show you how it works-



"Ah! Oh! Something tells me I have miscalculated.



"Nevertheless, I am confident that my theory is correct."

When the Old Gods Awake

THINK not that when the old gods' reign had ended They passed as passes our mere mortal breath; Or that the Elder Lords at last descended Into a land of impotence and death.

They are not dead; as yet they do but slumber, And ever and anon awake again

To watch with ancient calm the men that cumber This earth of theirs with puerile joy and pain:

With ancient calm-but when the world-old gladness Wells up anew within earth's fervent heart,

When all the forest throbs with August madness, The pagan gods arise and play their part:

The fauns, beneath the summer stars, are chaunting Their dreamy melodies for modern man;

The nymphs are in the brake, and distant, haunting, Rise from the woods the glad old songs of Pan.

Still is the wine of Circe made and offered For mouths athirst where Lethe's water flows; When life's best sweets at youth are first uncoffered, Then Aphrodite's lips are in the rose. Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Le Matin's Bad Break

E MATIN of Paris says President Wilson's latest message reads like Roosevelt.

After Taking a Well-Known Recipe for Peace

AFTER using your Oscar Second sauce for one week, I can truthfully say that I have no taste left for war. EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Some Recommendations

I was troubled with pains in my extremities, could not sleep, and even a slice of Turkey did not seem to agree with me; but since reading your ultimatum I can truly say that I never laughed so hard in my life. I can cordially recommend it to any monarch suffering from melancholia. FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

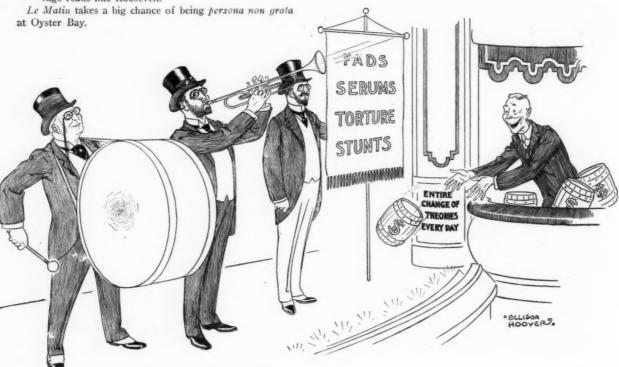
After taking one of your Peace cocktails, even domestic life has no terrors for me.

I hope to use your prescription later. At present I am rather too busy.

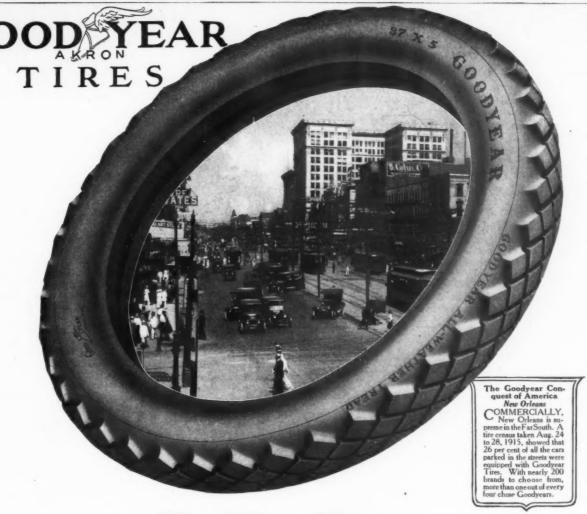
Circumstantial

SEE that in Maine if a man is arrested for a crime, they put him in stripes, shave his head and throw him into jail before he has had a trial."

"Probably on the principle that any man caught living in Maine must be guilty anyway."



NO ONE SEEMS TO APPRECIATE THEM QUITE SO MUCH AS MR. ROCKEFELLER



No Other Tire Tempts Goodyear Users

THERE are still thousands who think that one tire is much like another.

But the largest single group of tire buyers in America evidently does not think so.

The proof of this is, that they continue to buy one Goodyear equipment after another, year after year.

Goodyear leadership in New Orleans merely illustrates the predominance of Goodyear everywhere. A count of cars parked on the streets of 71 principal cities, showed more Goodyear Tires than any other tire by far.

If they did not prefer the Goodyear to any other, they would surely be tempted away by the lower prices on scores of other tires. But they are not tempted away.

Goodyear branches, Goodyear dealers, Goodyear salesmen all say the same thing—they say that these customers buy, and buy, and buy again.

Now this group is not merely the largest tire group in America, but it is a very large group—aggregating hundreds of thousands.

Each year the number of tire buyers increases; and the preference for Goodyear Tires keeps pace.

Goodyear buyers are sane, clear-headed, careful buyers like yourself.

They firmly believe in Goodyear features, because they have found, in these features, the source of longer tire service and greater tire economy.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



For "Preparedness" Revenue

Charge fee for poetic licenses. Put a land tax on our lot in life.

Revenue stamp to be placed on bonds of friendship.

Ditto on deeds of iniquity and stocks of information.

When excuses are invented compel the inventors to patent them and pay regular fee.-Boston Transcript.

Hoodooed

Appealing to a lady for aid, an old darky told her that through the Dayton flood he had lost everything he had in the world, including his wife and six children.

".Why," said the lady, "I have seen you before and I have helped you. Were you not the colored man who told me you had lost your wife and six children by the sinking of the Titanic?"

"Yeth, ma'am, dat wuz me. Mos' unfort'nit man dat eber wuz. Kaint keep a fam'ly nohow."-San Francisco Argonaut.

Good Advice

CLERGYMAN (to tattered hobo): "Instead of spending your life wandering about the countryside and sleeping under hedges, why can not you act like a man and go out and fight for your hearth and home? "-Punch.



BASKET BAWL

"WHEN a man does anything well he ought to get credit for it," remarked the generous-minded man.

"Not always," replied Bronco Bob. "Me an' Piute Pete got the reputation of bein' such good poker players that it completely spoiled business."

-Washington Star.

The Better Way

Charles M. Schwab, congratulated in Pittsburgh on a large war order contract which he had just received from one of the warring nations, said:

"Some people call it luck, but they are mistaken. Whatever success I have is due to hard work and not to luck.

"I remember a New York business man who crossed the ocean with me one winter when the whole country was suffering from hard times.

"'And you, Mr. Schwab,' the New Yorker said, 'are, like the rest of us, I suppose, hoping for better things?'

"'No, my friend,' I replied. 'No, I am not hoping for better things. I've got my sleeves rolled up and I'm working for them."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

Associations

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor, he chanced to pass his place and saw his little boy sitting on the edge of the pig pen, watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he. "How's your pig to-day?'

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?" -Harpers.

Promising

"Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekins,

"Well," answered his wife, "it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor."-Pacific Unitarian.

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NATURE showed her sovereign wisdom in her choice of a birthplace for Perrier-it bursts, a flood of bubbling purity, from a glorious natural Spring midst the purple vineyards of Southern France. Thus, fortunately, the water of matchless sparkle and delicacy has its origin among men possessed of exceptionally refined and appreciative palates.

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"WOULD YOU-ER-MARRY ME, WINNIE?"

"OH! ALGY, YOU SURPRISE ME! CERTAINLY I'LL MARRY YOU."

"BUT-I'M NOT SERIOUS, DONCHER KNOW! CAWN'T YOU

ACCEPT A JOKE?"
"THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'VE DONE."



Among those good resolutions, how about one for the purity and flavor of "The sip before dinner"?

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A Just Complaint

STOUT, RED-FACED LADY: Do you mean to say you won't give me my money back for this book just because I have read it? You know you advertise that it is your aim to have only satisfied customers.

"Yes, madam, but what is the matter? Is the print imperfect, or anything like that?

" No."

"Then why are you not satisfied with the novel?

"Why, I don't like the way it ends." -Harper's Weekly.

BACARDI Makes The Perfect Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

Making It Fit

"Did you hear about the defacement of Mr. Skinner's tombstone?" asked Mr. Brown a few days after the funeral of that eminent captain of industry.

"No, what was it?" inquired his neighbor curiously.

"Someone added the word 'friends' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

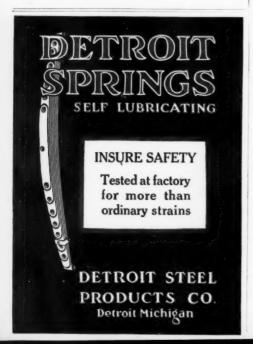
" 'He did his best.' '

-London Opinion.

An Easy One for Newrich

Mrs. Newrich had been told by her caller that a certain dinner party had "wound up with great éclat." When her husband came home she asked him what "a-kla" meant.

"Why, that's the dessert, I guess," said Newrich. "Didn't you ever eat a chocolate a-kla?"-Boston Transcript.





Our bonbons and chocolates can be had in containers of rare beauty, which, when empty, are useful and ornamental to the daintiest boudoir.



Bonbons

Chocolates

Huyler's Cocoa, like Huyler's Candy, is supremely good

Real Forebodings

" My son," said the father, impressively, "suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?

"Why," said the son, irreverently, "I'd stay here. The question is, What would become of you?"-The Boy Builder.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps, C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Tit for Tat

The young couple were dawdling over a late breakfast after a night at an ultra smart party.

"Was it you I kissed in the conservatory last night?" hubby inquired.

She looked at him reminiscently: "About what time was it?"

-Cincinnati Enquirer.

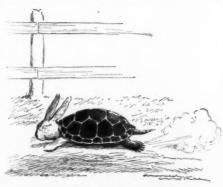
Willing to Serve

THE WOMAN: But if you're too old for the army you ought to be at munition work or something. There's work for everybody who looks for it.

THE CONFIRMED SLACKER: I'm waitin' fer a gov'nment job now, lady-'oldin' the ladders fer the blokes wot'll clean the paint off the street lamps when peace is declared .- Kansas City Star.

"Do you approve of slang?"

"No," replied Mr. Cumrox. "It's too much trouble. It's as hard to know what slang is permissible as it is to guess the right implement for every course at a big dinner."-Washington Star.



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

WHEN THE AGE OF COMPETITION HAS

It Will Pay YOU



to have Capewell horse nails used. If uncertain about the brand have the shoer show you the Trade Mark on the nail head. Owners are entitled to the best nail—the one to be relied on in all emergencies—not the cheapest regardless of quality. Quality plus 35 years' HEAD HARR where the cheapest regardless of quality. Quality plus 35 years' the Capewell."

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Rain

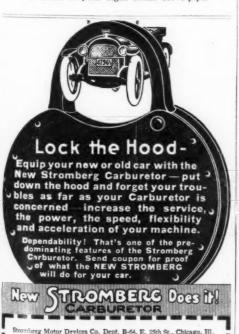
RAIN is composed of drops of water which are squeezed out by restless clouds which jostle each other too much and crowd together. It is used in rivers, brooks and wells, and at lawn parties and church picnics. It is very soft and friendly when met, but frequently misses many important engages ments, especially in your back garden. But although it is very unreliable in keeping appointments with your garden, rain can always be counted on to appear at the right moment after you have taken your best girl to the theatre without a taxicab.

Rain comes in storms, squalls, hurricanes and tornadoes. In April it is usually delivered in installments. It is used by mosquitos in raising their young, at which they are very successful.

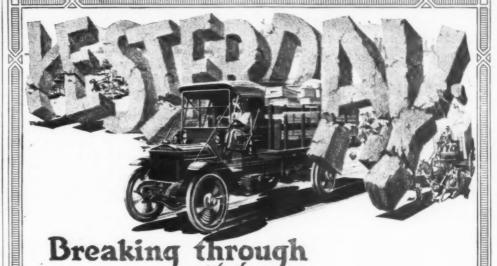
Without rain we would have no canned vegetables or duck's eggs; also there would have been no Noah and no bird of peace. Also there would be no mud puddles and the chiefest joy of childhood would fail.

Rain is used on roads and, mixed with oil, produces a splendid combination which is a sure cure for antique furniture and oriental rugs, also for ball dresses, white flannel trousers and point lace shirt waists.

Rain is also used on roofs and umbrellas. There is nothing on a dark night, after you have been out playing poker until the wee small hours, that soothes your tired brain more than the Wagnerian music produced by the rain on the tin roof under your receptive tympanum; also, when you are holding an umbrella over your wife's head, it is a pleasure to feel that her sixty-five dollar hat is not being rained on quite so much as your eight dollar stove-pipe.



Send facts about New Stromberg Carbureton



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You are vitally interested in cutting all possible corners in the running expenses of your business. How about your traffic department? Is it using the horse-drawn methods of "Yesterday" or the "up to the minute" Federalized Transportation?

Our Department of Traffic Engineering has shown the great saving that Federalized Transportation is making under widely varying conditions.

May we show you how the Federal way is the road of low cost haulage in your business?

EDERAL MOTOR TRUCK CO.

DETROIT

MICHIGAN

Historical Item

NATIONAL mental examination day was the next reform to be introduced. Public opinion was at first unfavorable to it, but when it was explained that it was intended to cover only those few at the top who posed as highbrows, statesmen, journalists, authors and diplomats, no further objection was made.

The examination began on the first of May, and was under the charge of the plain people, who appointed a committee of men noted for their common sense. The results were highly interesting. Out of one hundred and fifty statesmen, only eight went over the passing mark of seventy-five. Out of four hundred congressmen, it was conclusively proved that only four were capable of earning, in the open market, more than ten dollars per week. National patriotism then came to the front, and concealed the facts from the world. The experiment was discontinued. It was thought to be too much of a disclosure,

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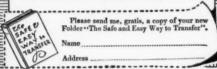
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INSIDE INFORMATION

Destiny

(Continued from page 77)

It was enough to peeve any flea and possibly dissension at the program bred rebellion in the heart of Jumping Jack. He performed ignobly. There seemed to be a disturbing element in the audience.

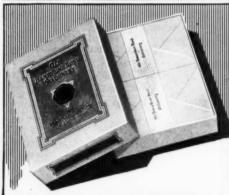
"This is rotten," averred Amanda Smythe, daughter of a rich banker, Amanda was leader of the set, and, therefore, privileged to own a poodle dog and say what she pleased. Even now she was cuddling cunning little Rags under her chin. "Why, Rags can do more tricks than that flea. Can't you, honey?" she queried. Rags licked her face in the affirmative.

"Daddy gave me Rags," she explained to a stranger in the party. "He cost fifty dollars when he was so high, and he has slept right in my room ever since. He's never so much as had a nasty old flea on him."

"Come closer, madam," said the Professor, urging Amanda. "Jumping Jack vill nod boder mit der pup. Only me he bites."

Rags and his mistress drew closer.

Jumping Jack seemed to awake with their coming. He sprang about nimbly, pushed the match of his own accord,



The Stationery of a Gentleman

You may use only a box a year, but when you really need it, no other paper will suffice.

We have a sample packet we would like to mail you. Ask us for it.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY South Hadley Falls Massachusetts





Try this favorite dinner dessert by DIAT

CHEF AT THE RITZ-CARLTON

CRÊME The recipe is very simple; YVETTE add one-quarter of a cup of "Creme Yvette" to each quart of orange or lemon ice. The amount of "Creme Yvette" necessary may vary according to the strength of the ice to be served. However, be sure to always add sufficient "Creme Yvette" to give the ice a rich violet colour.

The enticing violet taste and colour! -that is why Crême Yvette desserts are the fad in the exclusive hotels.

Now you can have them in your home—ices, jellies, charlottes, etc., in endless variety—for luncheons homeand dinners.

Crême Yvette is sold at 80c. and \$1.50 per bottle. Ask your grocer or wine dealer for free sample.

Book of signed recipes by well-known Chefsfree for your dealer's name and address. Write today.

SHEFFIELD COMPANY 7th Ave., at 14th St., New York

and leaped through the ring without being shown. It was wonderful and the crowd clapped their hands.

Jumping Jack grew more excited as he watched his mates go through their asinine trick of dancing. New, strange smells were coming through the air, stirring in him a feeling he had never felt before. Rags barked once, quite loudly, and it sent little shivers through his flea nerves.

Amanda turned to go first, as befitted the leader of the set. In doing so, she flirted the bushy little tail of Rags directly over Jumping Jack.

It was too much. The instinct of

A Yea 0ath Carstain standar

shown straigl Rye-in no supe



æons could not be wiped out. Jumping Jack closed his eyes and leaped.

Amanda had not gone more than five minutes before the Professor was howling in rage and sorrow.

"Vere iss dot flea?" he stormed at Hawk Eye. "Vere iss he, I say?" Then without waiting for that abashed one to reply, he answered, "He iss gone, gone, gone! Nefer again shall we see him. Did I not say 'Vatch der fleas ven I turns me back, yet'?" And he moaned in anguish as he hastily searched every crack in his stage for the vanished flea, in vain.

Ten blocks away Rags was also howling in anguish. He had slipped from the grasp of his mistress and was sitting upon the pavement, working vigorously to get at the end of his tail. There, just out of reach of the flustered Rags, sat Jumping Jack, the best educated flea in the world, biting savagely to make up for five years lost.

Our Weekly Literary Letter

(From the Purely Commercial Standpoint)

PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE:-Publishers were hard and unyielding, love interests reigning supreme, blood curdlers comparatively quiet. In poetry the imagists flooded the market, but towards noon there was a rush of orders for the ad specialties, with a marked pyramidic tendency. Several pools were formed in the Lake poets, and gilt-edged Indianas went for a song. Topical songs went with a rush, spooners were soft and mushy, and Ella Wheeler Wilcoxes sagged notably. Best sellers fell off considerably as the market advanced, the trading being very light. War dispatches were fitful, there being no great call for any ficPACKER'S Tar Soap is good for the scalp because it cleans, soothes, heals—and healthy scalps encourage healthy, lustrous hair.

The mere operation of applying its fragrant, pine laden lather to one's hair is beneficial. The pressing, the kneading and all the other processes that constitute what is known as shampooing—they all help. And when the lather is rinsed out and the hair is once more dry, there remains a feeling, not only of absolute cleanliness, but of delightful exhilaration.

Packer's Tar Soap

"Pure as the Pines"

A combination of pure vegetable oils, glycerine and pine tar. Send 10c for sample.

Our Manual: "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," 36 pages of practical information sent free on request.

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap Perfumed—just enough to be agreeable. A thorough cleanser. Convenient to use. Made for those who prefer a liquid shampoo of quality. Liberal sample 10c.

THE PACKER MFG, CO. Dept. 85E, 81 Fulton St. New York



FOWNES GLOVES

Quality does not "happen."

An established standard of merit in gloves (or anything else) requires vigilance unceasing.

It may also require at times, the sacrifice of present profit for the sake of future reputation.

The Reputation of *our* gloves is the biggest asset in our business.

The wearer is the gainer. You gain.



A Clever Catch

(Continued from page 61)

her. Yes, bluff her! How happy he felt. Why, after he had made this capture he would be the proudest man on the force. And he could have the satisfaction of saying he had wrung the confession from her. So he togged up and put on a bold front and a wise air and started out. But suppose she suspected his bluff? Oh, horrors! Imagine his chagrin. wisest man on the force, and made a plaything of by a baby of a woman! But he was started, and only cowards turn back. Suffice it for us to know that he succeeded and escorted her to the nearest magistrate's office, and she confessed! Yes, and he had the satisfaction of hearing her take oath to the confession. Then the magistrate appointed him to be her keeper for life.

The case was closed with the best wishes of the magistrate.

News

FIRST WAR CORRESPONDENT: Did your dispatch get past the censor?

Second War Correspondent: Only the part that wasn't true.

"Well, isn't that all your paper wants?"

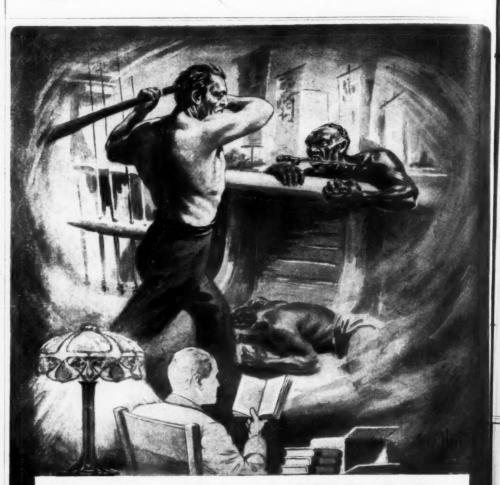
"WAS your bachelor's supper a success?"

"A success! Wonderful! Why, we had to postpone the wedding two days."

Coming

THERE is a rumor that hoop skirts are coming black. It ought to be known beforehand by as many as possible. Great calamities like this should be preceded by proper preparation.

Under the present dispensation it is easy to approach any girl without using boarding pikes or davits. You can get about as close to any girl as is necessary, without signals. But climbing up a hoop skirt is a pastime that requires training. It may develop into a fascinating sport, but are we up to it? Let us at least face the problem with given determination that we will fit ourselves soberly and patiently for the task before us.



What Morgan Robertson Will Do For You

You can sail with Morgan Robertson in any one of his four golden argosies out of a humdrum world of jitneys and high-cost-of-living into a world of magnificent adventure. You will touch strange ports of the Seven Seas and you will always be in the company of real breathing men, urged by the wanderlust and the zest of living into rare adventure. You will see in the offing Chinese junks laden with booty-mad pirates. And you will follow with breathless interest the good fights waged against these outlews of the sea. You will learn the wonderful secrets of the ocean-bed and its teeming life. You will see men and women, the pioneers of your race, facing mighty dangers far from the clang and bustle of civilization. The four wonderful books of Morgan Robertson, that can now be yours, are four books you will cotton to these coming winter nights. When the wind is whipping the windeep into your library chair and say good-night to care.

PLEASE NOTE. If you prefer to remit in one payment, send \$3.75 for books in cloth binding, or \$5.75 for beneatful full leather binding. Canada and foreign subscriptions, postage extra. Magazines may be sent to different addresses it desired. If you are at present a subscriber to either magazine, your subscription will be extended.

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Enter my subscription for M McClure's 18 months, and send Works, in four new volumes, c enclose 10c and agree to send nonths to pay for my subscript FREE.	Morg arriage you 8	an 1.00	Ro	be aid m	rts l k	sol oy ith	you for	Bes
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Rhymed Reviews

Why, Theodora!

(By Sarah Warder MacConnell. Small, Maynard & Co.)

A MAIDEN, Theodora hight,
Delectable, though slightly
whimmy,

Invents a quaint, familiar sprite
Or Unseen Playmate, christened
"Jimmy";

With whom, at times, she loves to hold
Imaginary conversations,
Bewildering her narrow, cold
And puritanical relations.

So when a painter, chancing by, (One Lawrence Kingsley, known as "Larry"),

Reminds the maid of Jimmy,—why,
The reader knows they ought to
marry.

But Larry's wealthy patroness,
The proud, insistent Mrs. Symonds,
Has other plans, which, you may guess,
Will interfere a bit with Hymen's.

She lends her goods to Larry, who (When needs have suddenly arisen) Hypothecates a rug or two,
And, being trapped, must go to prison.

But Theodora doesn't mean

To drop the one her heart desires.

She helps to run a magazine

And waits until his term expires.



The Perfect Dress Tie The Tie With The Button-On Tabs

is the only tie that knows its place and keeps it. It is one and indivisible with your front collar button, unless you deliberately undo it.

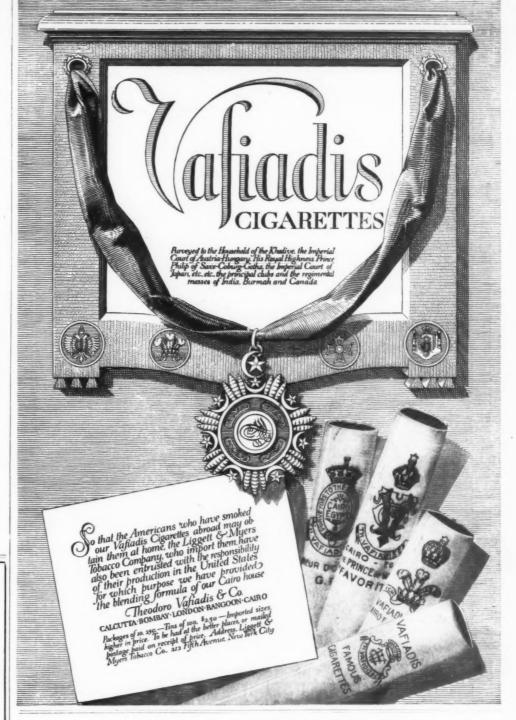
Fashion decrees the poke collar with evening dress this season. Smartness decrees the "Perfect Dress Tie."

Sold in the Best Shops White or Black 50 Cents and Better

Look for the name, "The Perfect Tie," on each neckband, and don't be misled.

KEYS & LOCKWOOD New York





Then, though her elders shake their heads,

Her resolution grows no fainter; Against his will she up and weds Her penitential convict painter.

For when a lady meets the man Who owns the corresponding aura, She'd better grab him while she can, In spite of all, says Theodora.

Arthur Guiterman.





UNITED FRUIT COMPANY STEAMSHIP SERVICE

Three

"WHAT bothers me," said the first bookworm, "is that quite often some friend in whose literary judgment I have confidence tells me of some book which I ought to read. I get it, but alas! I take only a single bite of it. Thus I have on my shelf a host of important books still unread." "Yes, but," said the second bookworm, "you must not forget all the books which you have read; and you must remember that whereas your friend appears to have the advantage of you in the book he has read and which you cannot, there are any number of books you have read which he hasn't." At this moment they were joined by a third. After he had listened to their tale of woe, he said: "Well, then, what do you think of me? I never read anything!" "Never anything!" exclaimed both bookworms. "How astonishingly impossible! Who are you? What is your occupation?" "I am an author and have to write books for a living."

Books Received

The Lord of Misrule, by Alfred Noyes. (F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.60.)

In Gentlest Germany, by Hun Svedend.
(John Lane Company. 50 cents.)

The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke.
(John Lane Company. \$1.25.)

Gridiron Nights, by Arthur Wallace Dunn. (F. A. Stokes Company.)

Columbine, by Viola Meynell. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

Belgium, Neutral and Loyal, by Emile Poultney Bigelow. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

Prussian Memories, 1864-1914, by Waxweiler. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.) Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Kipling's India, by Arley Munson. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.)

Children's Book of Thanksgiving Stories, by Asa Don Dickinson. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.)

Interior Decoration, by Frank Alvah Parsons. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$3.00.) Quilts, Their Story, and How to Make Them, by Marie D. Webster. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50.)

American Ideals, by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.) Ver Becks' Bears in Mother Goose Land, (Geo. H. Doran Co.)

The Peek-a-Boos' Desert Island, by Chloe Preston. (Geo. H. Doran Co.)

Remodeled Farmhouses, by Mary H. Northend. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$5.00.)

Robin the Bobbin, by Vale Downie. (Harper & Bros. 50 cents.)



ROBERT PIE

BILLY PIERO

Scene—Dea day in the dealer disc ing demon

Got Timks didn't say Kellogg—(Sc

they were Well, they's ing to Mr. be wise to Pierce—Yes,

the familycerned abo have asked

Billy-(Eager

Kellogg-(Wit





Even Billy Knew

A Scene from a Familiar Drama

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ROBERT PIERCE, prospective buyer....

Any Business Man

BILLY PIERCE, his son.... A Typical Boy

CHARLES KELLOGG..... A composite of 40,000 dealers

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Scene—Dealer's Show Room. Time, any day in the year. Pierce family and dealer discussing features of car, following demonstration trip.

Billy—(Putting his hand on the front hub.) Got Timken Bearings in here? You didn't say so in your ads.

Kellogg—(Scratching his head.) Thought they were given in our specifications. Well, they're in the car all right. (Turning to Mr. Pierce.) Your boy seems to be wise to the big things in motor cars.

Pierce—Yes, he's the best posted one in the family—but I'm just as much concerned about bearings as he, and I'd have asked about them if he hadn't.

Mrs. Pierce-Why are Timken Bearings so important?

Billy—(Eagerly.) Let me tell her.

Kellogg—(With a grin.) All right, young man, what's the reason?

Billy—'Cause they do all the things any other bearings will and they last a lot longer while they're doin' 'em.

Kellogg—You see, Mrs. Pierce, the bearings in a motor car must do a number of things. Their original function, of course, is to eliminate friction.

Billy—(Interrupting.) Sure! If the axles and insides of the hubs were grindin' away on each other, they'd be hard to turn, and they'd get hot as the dickens, and wear out awful fast. So they put bearings in there, an't the wheels roll 'round on 'em, easy as anything.

Mrs. Pierce—That's all clear, but why are Timken Bearings better than others?

Kellogg-Because they not only eliminate friction, but carry the weight of car and passengers and meet end-thrust as well.

Mrs. Pierce-What is "end-thrust"?

Billy—It's what makes you think you're gonna slide off the seat when you go whizzin' 'round a corner. Just think of all that weight tryin' to shove the axle ends right through the wheels sidewise!

Pierce—You've overlooked one thing, Billy—there are different kinds of bearings. Any of them reduce friction, but some can't stand end-thrust at all: Timken Bearings do both.

Kellogg—(Taking two bearings from his display board.) Let me show you, Mrs. Pierce, what your husband means. You notice in this Timken Bearing it makes no difference whether the weight presses straight down or from the side. In this other bearing the side pressure would quickly wear the parts out of shape or push them out of place, because the bearing will carry only a straight downward pressure.

Billy—(Breaking in again.) Besides that, Timken is the only kind of bearing you can make as good as new by pushin' the parts closer together.

Kellogg—That's a big point, Billy. Timken Bearings not only show less wear after thousands of miles of hard service, but what little wear there is can be entirely corrected by this simple adjustment. Other types of bearings, when worn, must be replaced.

Pierce—I've heard enough about bearing troubles from some of my friends. I won't take any chances in my car.

Kellogg—Well, any bearings that stand up on front axles and outlast the car, ought to satisfy you. Timken Bearings have been doing that ever since the first days of motor cars.

Billy-Yes, and "front-wheel service is the test that makes or breaks."

Kellogg-(Laughing.) Your boy certainly reads advertising, Mr. Pierce!

Mrs. Pierce-Why are the front wheels so important?

Kellogg—There's no other place in the car where bearings get such severe punishment. Timken Bearings are built to stand that extra hard service. You'll ind it all explained in this book, "The Care and Character of Bearings."

Mrs. Pierce—I'm glad your car is well built, because it's a perfect beauty. I like the big seats and everything about it. I'm willing to take Mr. Pierce's and Billy's word for the things I can't see.

Billy-(Anxiously.) Mr. Kellogg! How many Timken Bearings are there in your car?

Kellogg—(Pulling a little book out of his pocket.) Here's the evidence on this page of "The Companies Timken Keeps."

Billy—(Reading aloud.) "Timken Bearings in front and rear wheels, in the transmission, on the pinion shaft and at the differential."—That's the stuff:

Kellogg-If you want a copy, write the Timken Company, either at Canton, Ohio, or Detroit, Michigan.

Billy-I'm satisfied. Dad, pay him now and let's drive her home.

Pierce—(Producing check book.) Shall I make this to your order, Mr. Kellogg, or to the Company?

(Curtain.)

Pierce-Arrow



A Pierce-Arrow grows old as gracefully as a good oriental rug or a Chippendale chair.

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company Buffalo, NY.